

Courage and Strength
in Times of Danger.

Read the warning between the lines. What is that warning? It is of the danger from accumulation of badness in the blood, caused by the usual heavy living of the winter months. Spring is the clearing, cleansing time of the year; the forerunner of the brightness and beauty of glorious summer.

Follow the principle that Nature lays down. Start in at once and purify your blood with that great specific, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood.—The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well. S. E. Brown, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Female Troubles.—I am happy to say that I was entirely cured of female troubles by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped my husband's catarrh greatly. Mrs. J. E. Watson, 703 S. 9th Street, Camden, N. J.



Only Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

An old sailor seems "all at sea" when he is no shore.

Salzer's Seed Corn. Does your seed corn test? Here, Farmer Salzer's does—it's northern grown, early and good for 80 to 150 bu. per acre! Send this notice and 10c for 8 corn samples and low prices to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

In all parts of Cuba two crops of tobacco are raised every year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

All things come to him who waits—had luck included.

Amidst health with Dr. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER, it cures every time. Rev. J. S. Cornish, Waukesha, Wis. 25c a bottle.

A man has no opposition when he begins to make love to himself.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinal laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists—Price 50c. per bottle.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. The Best Saddle Coat. Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for the Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC Caracats REGULATE THE LIVER

FOR SALE.

Grain Elevator and Feed Mill on the Burlington railroad, at one-half its value. Best location in Nebraska. Address: OWNER, 509 Paxton Block, Omaha.

CURE YOURSELF! Use this for muscular discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Prevents constipation. Painful, and not astringent. Sold by Druggists. Sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 75c. or 3 bottles, \$2. Circular sent on request.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed. Cures constipation, liver and kidney diseases, biliousness, headache, etc. At druggists 25c & \$1.

DICK RODNEY; or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.) Soon after this, when evening came and we heard a noise in the fore-castle, and the voice of Hislop exclaiming:

"Stand clear—sheer off, Antonio! If you come athwart me, I'll knock you down with a handspike! What! you grip your knife, do you? Well, just do it again, and I'll chuck you overboard like a bit of old junk."

"What is the matter now?" said I, hastening forward.

"Oh, this rascally Spanish creole has been swearing at the men again, and threatening old Roberts."

"He vows, sir, he will burn the ship," said Roberts, who seemed considerably excited.

"Burn the ship," reiterated Weston. "I have a great mind to put him in the bilboes for the remainder of the voyage."

"I were best for all concerned, sir," said Tom Lambourne, touching his forelock with his right hand, and giving the deck a scrape with his left foot; "or set him adrift with some provisions in the jolly-boat."

"Come, come, Antonio," said Weston, with greater severity than I had hitherto seen expressed in his open and honest countenance, "you must haul your wind—for some time you have been going too far. I can't spare my jolly-boat, and, thank heaven! the days of marooning are past among British sailors, but beware you, shipmate, or the bilboes it shall be, and we have a pretty heavy pair below."

And as for you, Marc Hislop," he added, in a low voice, when we walked aft, "take care of yourself, for these Spanish creoles are as slippery and treacherous as serpents."

"I'll keep my weather eye open," said Hislop.

"You will require to do so, I think," "You do?" exclaimed the Scotman, with growing anger. "If he proceeds thus, I'll break either his heart or his neck."

Next morning, Roberts, the old man-o-war's man, who had always been Antonio's chief accuser concerning his dreams, was nowhere to be found on board!

All the hands were turned up; the whole brig was searched, the fore-castle berths, the cable-tier, and every place below from the fore to the after peak, but there was no trace of Roberts, save his old tarpaulin hat lying crushed and torn in the lee scupper.

He was last seen when turned up to take the middle watch, which extends from 12 to 4 o'clock a. m., and Antonio was then in his hammock.

Roberts was entered in the log as "having fallen overboard in the night;" but his loss cast a terrible gloom over all the ship. Suspicion grew apace, and seemed to become confirmed, as open war was soon declared between the crew and Antonio.

Every man was ready to take his "trick" at the wheel, rather than trust the Eugenie to his steering in the night, lest he might let her broach to, and lose her spars, or do some other mischief; and no man, if he could avoid it, would lay out on the yard beyond him. No man would walk on the same side of the deck with him, or exchange a word, or a light for a pipe, or use the same cup or plate; so he was generally to be seen, leaning moodily and alone, against the windlass bits, with his black eyes fixed on the horizon, as if he expected a sail or something else to heave in sight.

We shall soon see how all this ended.

CHAPTER XVIII. We Cross the Line. We were now in the latitude of burning days, of starry nights, and bright blue seas. The winds were light, and, as usual, near the line, there was a tremendous swell upon the ocean, which rose in long and slowly-heaving hills, without foam or ripple—smooth, glassy and without sound.

On a lovely night, when the ocean seemed to sleep in the moonshine, we crossed the equator.

The Eugenie was running with the lee clews off—i. e., with a flowing sheet—when Father Neptune came on board, and the usual unpleasant pranks were played on those who had never passed the girdle of the world before.

Great preparations had been in progress all day in the fore-castle, and these were perfected under cloud of night. All the crew were on deck save Antonio, who turned in, having probably a dread of what was about to ensue, and knowing that he was anything but a favorite.

Accompanied by the shouts of the crew, and preceded by Will White, playing "Rule Britannia" on a violin, old Father Neptune was drawn on a species of hurdle aft to the quarter-deck, where Weston stood ready to receive him, with his hat in one hand and a case-bottle of brandy in the other.

Under an old swab, which had been well dried and curled to make a wig for the son of Saturn and Vesta, I recognized the grotesquely tattooed visage of my friend Tom Lambourne. A cutlass was stuck in his girdle, and he wore a huge paunch of canvas stuffed with oakum.

In a gown made by the sailmaker, Ned Carlton officiated as Amphitrite; and both deities were armed with harpoons, as emblems of their dominion over the sea.

The attendant Tritons were got up

In the same fashion, and all wore false noses of singular size and great brilliancy, with low wigs and long tails.

On Neptune and his goddess receiving a dram and questioning the captain about his crew, it was discovered that Antonio and I were the only two on board who had never crossed the line before; whereupon the Tritons whooped and danced as they laid violent hands on me. I submitted to the usual shaving and so forth with a good grace, and compounded, to avoid other annoyances, for two bottles of brandy, and ascending to the main-cross-trees without going through the lubber's hole. But for the Cubano there was neither ransom, escape nor outlet; and the poor wretch, in consequence of his mysterious antecedents, was very roughly handled, the more so that he had threatened to use his knife if molested.

It was soon trundled out of his hand by one body of Tritons, while another soused him well with salt water as he was conveyed past the long boat, which was lashed amidships, and in which they were stationed with buckets ready filled.

Held fast on every side, he was brought before the "goddess-born" and execrable monarch of the main, who ordered "the Lord Chief Barber at once to shave him."

Now, as Antonio had a rather luxuriant beard and mustache, the plentiful application thereto of a compound of tar and slush, such as we used for greasing the masts, was the reverse of agreeable; but the stern orders of Neptune, which were bellowed hoarsely through a tin trumpet, were faithfully and elaborately obeyed, and the contents of a dirty iron pot were smeared over the cheeks, beard and mouth of the Cubano by Billy, a mischievous ship-boy, with an unsparing hand.

"Demonio! Maldita!" was heard at intervals, and greeted with laughter; but when he attempted to storm or swear the brush—a reeking tuft of oil, tar and every horrid grease—was thrust into his mouth.

The Lord Chief Barber was now commanded to remove this noisome mess with his razor, and he scraped it off with a piece of hoop, which had been carefully notched for the purpose—a process which, as it uprooted sundry thick portions of Antonio's coal-black bristles, caused him to yell and sputter out hoarse Spanish oaths alternately.

He was again deluged with salt water; and greater severities were about to be practiced upon him, as some of the Tritons cried for "the ghost of Roberts to come out of the sea;" others, to "smoke him, by putting his head in the hood of the cook's funnel," when Weston ransomed him for two bottles of brandy, and he was permitted to slink away to his bunk, breathing vengeance against all his tormentors.

Grog was again served round, the deck was cleared for a dance, and the crew footed the hours away in a succession of hornpipes, while the grim Cubano lay growling in the fore-castle. Three cheers for the Captain, and three more for Marc Hislop, terminated the fun, and all but the watch retired below.

"They have gone too far with that fellow, as some of us may discover before the voyage comes to a close," said Hislop, when we were having a parting glass in the cabin.

"Yes," replied Weston; "he is a dark dog, and though I am not very rich, I would give a hundred pounds to fathom the mystery of old Robert's disappearance. Well, here's to our wives and sweethearts at home."

"I have neither sweetheart nor wife," said Hislop, as he tossed off his glass; "but I have a poor old mother who loves me as well as either could do."

Weston's eye wandered to the portraits of his wife and child, to whom he was tenderly attached, and for whom all his savings, by salary, tonnage, and hat-money, were carefully hoarded; for whom, poor fellow, he tempted the dangers of the great deep, the war of the elements, and endured the hardships of a sailor's life—his wife, his little one, and their home—"his all; his sheet-anchor in this world, and his guide to the next," as I once heard him say, forcibly and strangely.

CHAPTER XIX. The Cubano Unmasked.

As we kept the coast of South Africa well aboard, a few days after we saw Cape San Roque, or, as it is sometimes called, Point Pelinga, the northeastern extremity of Brazil, rising from the blue water like a purple cloud. But it diminished to a low black streak on our weather quarter when the sun set, and we found ourselves ploughing the waves of the South Atlantic.

There fell a calm for a whole day after this, and while the Eugenie rolled lazily on the long glassy swells, with her topsails flapping, and her courses hauled up, the sole amusement of the crew consisted in catching albatrosses, or in killing them, undertaken by the old superstition that it was a bird of "good omen," or by the story of the "Ancient Mariner," of which they were probably ignorant.

A flock of these gigantic sea-birds congregated under our stern, where they gobbled up everything that was thrown over to them; so Hislop and I

proceeded methodically to fish them on board.

We procured strong lines, baited the hooks with pieces of pork, lashing thereto a buoy formed of a common cork, and lowered four of them over the stern.

They had scarcely touched the water, when amid a furious flapping of heavy pinions, they were eagerly swallowed; the hooks and lines began to bear tautly; and we soon had four gigantic albatrosses splashing the water into froth in their ineffectual efforts to escape.

We towed them in, hand over hand, and after measurement found the smallest to be eleven feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. Though rank and fishy in flavor, the flesh of these birds was made into sea-pies, on which the crew were regaled for two days after, and they partook of it with great apparent relish. But Jack is not very particular, especially when at sea.

Though none of the crew shared the superstition connected with the destruction of an albatross, and probably none, save Hislop and myself, knew the splendid ballad written by Coleridge, it would seem as if our misfortunes commenced with that day's wanton sport!

The huge sea birds became shy and left us. The sun set amid saffron-colored waves, and the western sky was all aflame, when the sails began to fill and collapse as the wind came in heavy puffs, causing the masts to sway from side to side, and the belying courses to crack and flap with a sound like thunder.

At last there came a steady breeze; the courses were left fall, and with both sheets aft, for the wind was fair, the Eugenie once more walked through the shining waters.

Full, round, and silvery the moon arose, and tipped with liquid light every wave, that seemed to dance onward with the brig, which in half an hour had the snow-white foam flying in sheets over her catheads.

It was about the hour of 1 in the morning that the horrible events which I am about to relate occurred.

I was in the middle watch, relieving Weston, who, as the tropical dews were heavy, always ordered Billy the cabin boy to give me a glass of brandy-and-water before going on deck, for fear of ague, and then he turned in.

The sulken Spaniard Antonio was at the wheel. Tom Lambourne, Ned Carlton and I were walking to and fro, loitering at times, and looking at the compass to see how she headed—now aloft to observe how the sails drew—anon over the side, where the water bubbled merrily past, or ahead at the patch of blue and star-studded sky which was visible under the leach of the fore-course, as the brig's bow filled every now and then, and she rolled heavily from side to side, as all vessels do when running before the wind.

All was very still, for, save the bubble of the water in the wake astern, or a gurgle as it surged up in the rudder case, the creaking of a block, or the iron slings of the lower yards, not a sound stole upon the first hour of the silent morning.

Two of the albatrosses we had caught were hanging by the legs from the gallow's-top abaft the foremast, where their great extended wings swung somewhat mournfully to and fro in the wind and by the motion of the ship.

(To be continued.)

HOTEL'S GOOD POINTS.

These Are the Ideas of a Man Who Knows, Too.

"I have a record of over 700 hotels where I have stopped," volunteered a well-known and popular minstrel performer to a Washington Star reporter, "which are scattered all over our glorious country, from Maine to the Rio Grande, and it is to be presumed that I know something of hotel life after living in them and in hotels alone nine months out of every year for the past twenty-five years. Besides the 700 and over I have a record of, I have stopped at some hotels where I did not make a record. At many of the 700 I have stopped from ten to twenty times, generally from ten to six days each time. Now, what I am getting at is that those who complain most of hotel life in this country are those who know the least about it. During three months of each year I live at my own home. I come in contact with wanderers, traveling people like myself, and associates, by the thousand, and I hear what they have to say about hotels and hotel life. The professional traveler has no kick like the amateur or occasional traveler; he knows enough to know that he is as a rule better fed at even the second-grade hotels than in the ordinary private house; that is, he has more to eat if he desires and a larger selection to choose from. As far as the room is concerned, the traveling man only has it to sleep in, and, provided the bed is good, he does not care a rap about the other furniture, or whether the room is papered or white-washed or not, so that it is clean. In the minstrel business a ballad singer is generally the hardest man to please, and if we find that he likes a place, it suits all the rest of the company. My opinion that the hotels feed well goes with them all, north, south, east and west. Now and then some are especially good. The difficulty with the so-called poor hotels is that the eaters are bad—it is not the food. A poor sleeper likewise makes a very poor bed. The ballad singers say this, and what they say goes for all it is worth."

Dry Philosopher. "There is one thing," continued the Dry Philosopher, "that can be proven by a goat's head—a striking countenance is not always a sign of brain."

SOUTHERN UTE RESERVATION

Indian Lands in Colorado Opened to Settlers.

The opening of the Southern Ute Indian Reservation has at last been accomplished. This vast area of arable lands, fifteen by sixty miles in extent, lies on either side of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, South and East of Durango. Under the law, the Ute Indians are entitled to 374 allotments, leaving about 630,000 acres subject to entry under the desert homestead, timber and townsite laws and the laws governing the disposal of coal, mineral, stone and timber lands, and as the Indians may lease their allotments, intelligent white men will soon control many of them at reasonable rentals.

The lands embrace both valley and mesa, or uplands, but the supply of water for irrigation is many times the amount required, making the lands suitable for grain and grasses, vegetables, alfalfa and fruit trees. Clover often yields three and one-half tons per acre. The stock industry gives promise of almost unlimited growth.

The lands allotted to the Indians aggregate 60,000 acres and are generally in compact form. They may be leased for three years for agricultural purposes and ten years for mining and grazing lands. These leased lands are exempt from taxation and free from cost of water charges as the Indians own the canals and ditches. The rental is generally a small amount in cash and from one-third to one-fourth of the crops. The Indians may be hired to work at low wages. This money and the \$50,000 which is to be paid to the Indians annually by the government "forever," means plenty of the circulating medium in the locality at all times. Homestead settlers are required to pay not less than \$1.25 per acre, fifty cents of which, per acre, shall be paid at the time of filing. This provision shuts out the professional boomer and invites men of thrift and energy and industry. These will be the best of the public domain entries in Colorado. It is the last chance for cheap, fertile and enviable homes. The land offices are at Durango, Colo., terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. The traveler from the middle West should take the Missouri Pacific System to Pueblo where he will be taken by the Denver & Rio Grande which is the only line reaching the Ute Indian Reservation. It traverses for 60 miles the most desirable portions of the lands subject to entry.

The ethics of wills has been curiously illustrated in Germany. Herr Myer, owner of a brewery at Johannesburg, left to the town of Stettin \$75,000 to build a museum. The municipal corporation, however, on presenting the usual petition, was informed by the minister of the interior that the emperor refused his consent for the present, as the will violated a moral duty toward diligent relations, who had been excluded from all benefits by the will of the testator. The town was therefore called upon by the minister first to indemnify the needy relations of the deceased.

Try Grain-o! Try Grain-o! Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal of brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth the price of coffee, 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The heretofore rumored changes in the system of paying the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad took permanent shape last week at a meeting of the heads of the several departments and general superintendents, called by General Manager Underwood for the consideration of that matter. It was determined to replace the present dilatory process of running the pay cars over the entire system, involving an expenditure of three weeks' time in distributing a large bulk of currency aggregating one million dollars per month, by a more convenient, expeditious and safer process of distributing through the hands of the station agents checks payable at any one of the 37 banks upon the line of the system and by any agent of the company. The new arrangement is effective May 1st.

U. S. Patent Office Business. We have received official notices from the commissioner that applications prepared and prosecuted by us have been allowed to Iowa inventors as follows, but not yet issued:

T. G. D. Lamm of Akeley, for a straw-carrier and stacker in which straw is packed and elevated, perpendicular, from an endless carrier through the ring of the turn table to the vibrating carrier.

To H. Meyer of Exira, for a tire-tightener, in which an open-ended sheet metal casing admits the ends of fellos and expanding devices are located in the casing.

To W. Dodd of Des Moines, for a machine for twisting and combining a plurality of copper wires in such a manner as to produce lightning rods over half an inch in diameter.

To J. H. Prall of Carlsue, for a harness and thill attachment that dispenses with tug buckles and hold-back straps and facilitates hitching and unhitching a horse.

Printed matter containing valuable information and consultation and advice free.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO., Solicitors of Patents. Des Moines, Ia., April 15, 1899.

Of course a permanent orchestra needs a stationary fund.

Two Valued Opinions. A prominent western railway man, in speaking of the passenger service of the New York Central, says: "It begins right, ends right, and is right in the middle." An officer of one of the transpacific steamship lines says: "There is no train service in the world comparable with that of the New York Central's Lake Shore Limited." The best is the cheapest, and the best is always best. The New York Central stands at the head of the passenger lines of this country and has fairly earned the title of "America's Greatest Railroad."—Buffalo Commercial, February 14, 1899.

The man with a horse laugh doesn't object to a pony smile.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Caused by Internal Catarrh. Promptly Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Hon. J. H. Caldwell, a prominent member of the Louisiana State Legislature, says the following in regard to Pe-ru-na for catarrh:

"I have used Pe-ru-na for a number of years with the very best results for catarrhal diseases. I shall never be



Hon. J. H. Caldwell.

without it. I never fail to recommend it when an opportunity presents itself."—J. H. Caldwell, Robeline, La.

Gilbert Hofer, Grays, Ky., says in a letter dated March 7th, 1894: "I have used four bottles of Pe-ru-na and I am well of my catarrh, and it cured my Bright's disease. I had been troubled for two years. I weigh twenty pounds more than I did before I was taken sick. I shall never be without Pe-ru-na."

Send for free catarrh book. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

Coe's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

It seems as if a double quartet should be written in 4-4 time.

IOWA PEOPLE GO TO CANADA

Man Buys a Farm with Proceeds from Two-Thirds of One Crop.

W. B. Milburn, John Holmes, M. R. Dagher, E. L. Stetson, of Buena Vista county, Iowa, report as follows of the Canadian North-West as to its suitability for farming, and the advantages it offers to the agricultural immigrant from the United States:

"We came here solely to look up improved farms and, if suitable, to select such as pleased us best. We have not visited the homestead districts at all, though we believe them to be very inviting. Our inquiries have been confined solely to the district around Hartney, Deloraine and towards the Souris River in Manitoba. Our impressions of all that region are in every way satisfactory, and we have decided to go back to Iowa at once, and, having disposed of our several interests there, to return to Manitoba in the month of March next, and, effecting our purchase of improved farms, which we find we can do at reasonable rates, immediately begin farming. We are greatly pleased with all that we have seen in that part of Western Canada. The soil we find to be more than equal to that of our own country for wheat-growing, and the other conditions of climate, schools, markets, etc., are all that we could wish for."

"To show what an energetic man can do we may mention that we found one such at Hartney who had rented a farm on shares, receiving two-thirds of the returns as his share of the crop. When he came to sell his own produce he found that his two-thirds, when converted into cash, was enough to buy the farm he rented out and out, which he accordingly did, and is now its owner. It is our intention to induce as many of our friends as possible, who are practical farmers, to remove from Iowa to this country, where we believe there is a better future for the industrious man than is now to be found anywhere on this continent. We are well known in our part of the state of Iowa, and we invite correspondence from its residents in all parts with regard to this region of Western Canada which we have visited, and to which we intend to return."

To a sculptor, arithmetic is not the only science of figures.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Waiding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sometimes the truant small boy goes to another school—of fish.

Exactly What You Want. A handy little box (just right for a lady's purse) of a gentleman's vest pocket of Caswell's Candy Cathartic. Prevents Dizziness. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In the lottery of love, the old maid is willing to take her chances, but she doesn't get a chance.

The Opening of the Ute Indian Reservation. By proclamation of the President of the United States, the Ute Indian reservation in southern Colorado will be opened for settlement at noon of May 4, 1899. It comprises 600,000 acres of arable mesa land, which has long been considered the most desirable in the state. For free pamphlets, giving complete information, address S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent D. & R. G. R. R., Denver, Colo.

A walking delegate usually has something on foot.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 3, 1898.